THE BOURBON NEWS.

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JACKIN'S EXAMINATION.

By S. Edgar Benet.

THEY were three forlorn, extravagant young gentlemen who had obtained leave to go to town for a half-holiday. Once there, the attractions of a traveling show—including performing dogs, a bear, and three monkeys with an insatiable appetite for peanuts—charmed them into forgetfulness of the flight of time and charmed the last penny from their pockets before the consequence of broken rules suggested itself.

A "man"—young gentlemen of 15 or 16 years are always "men"—might count upon notice from Dr. Shoreditch. Who broke, paid. Monkeys would be no excuse for missing the six o'clock train.

They clenched their fists, brought their elbows close to their sides and started on a run down the street.

"Clear the track!" shouted little Tupper, well in the rear.

The trio were the best of friends, with little Tupper a connecting link in the fellowship. Marvin, the honor man, overlooking his Latin. Gregory, the biggest and dullest, announced publicly that if any fellow bullied Tupper he'd setter the matter personally.

Tupper, out of breath, found his friends in a retired corner of the station, turning their pockets inside out. He followed their example, and when they said: "Not a nickel," he said: "Not a cent."

"Perhaps the president of the road would make an advance," began Marvin.

But Gregory silenced him. "The train leaves in seven minutes," he said.

Gregory was cross, but when Marvin, who was much dismayed, and wouldn't show it, put his hands in his pockets and said: "We've got to make the best of it. It was our own fault and there's no use whining," Gregory and Tupper did likewise and followed down the platform as jauntily as possible to where Jackins' engine stood in the sun.

Everybody called him Jackins without the least disrespect—even his wife, all the children around his house and Dr. Shoreditch's boys, with whom he was in special favor. If they said "Mr. Jackins," he looked grave, and he was sensitive as to his given name, which was Gamaliel.

Jackins sat at the window with a grimy hand at the throttle. He was almost ready to start. "Hello!" he called.

Marvin and Gregory replied with more vivacity than the occasion demanded: "Hello, Jackins. Glad to see you."

Tupper's eyes grew larger and graver as people hurried to the coaches and porters wheeled trucks of luggage to the baggage car.

"Been on a lark, I reckon," Jackins drawled, in his slow, down south accent. "If you'd come down here four minutes later you'd found the train gone, and then what would you have done? Better get yo' places." He moved his hand, and the muffled steam seemed to ask indignantly: "What, indeed?"

They called up such unpleasant prospects that the three strolled farther away. Tupper, who never failed of suggestion, said: "Maybe Jackins would help us. Let's ask him."

Marvin slapped him on the back. "That's so. He might. I'd ask him, but you see—" he frowned darkly and drew himself up, "it don't look just the thing—"

"For a senior," interrupted Tupper, "no."

"I'll ask him," he said, "only you fellows don't go very far away. Stay here behind this corner."

When Tupper got around to the engine, Jackins was putting on more coal. Presently he thrust his head out of the window and began to wipe the perspiration from his forehead and sing "Dixie."

"What, ain't you gone aboard yet? You'll be left. Where's yo' cronies?"

"What's that?" asked Tupper.

"The other two."

"They're around."

"Only two minutes more."

Tupper went close to the side of the engine and whispered: "Jackins."

"Well?" Jackins whispered back.

"Lean your head way down, will you?"

Jackins leaned far over the side.

Tupper put a hand to each side of his mouth and asked: "How can fellows who haven't any tickets go home on the train?"

"That's easy. They just pay when the conductor comes around."

"Yes; but if they haven't any money?"

"Why, then they can't go. Yo' got to pay on the train." He scowled and added: "Got to."

Tupper related the story of the empty pockets. Jackins was sympathetic. He counted his money and found 57 cents, which he offered. Tupper said Marvin must have that. Marvin make Jackins an elegant acknowledgment, but he hesitated about leaving the others.

When the train was about to start Jackins called them all young rascals, and said next time they'd deserve to be thrashed, but he'd see what he could do. He hurried them into the caboose, and at every station he lectured them on their folly.

After this Jackins never passed the camps without a peculiar whistle, a sign that he remembered his friends, so that one afternoon a long wail from the throttle was something out of the ordinary.

The boys stopped their tennis long enough to ask: "What's up with Jackins?"

That night at table the doctor remarked to the head-master: "I hear the North & West is about to institute the educational test among its employes. All who are found deficient will be dismissed."

"It only goes as far as an ability to read and write," replied the younger man. "Few will lose by it."

"Yes. One exception, perhaps, with us—that's Jackins. But he has been one of the most faithful and valued men in the service for 30 years, ever since this branch of the road was built. These reforms are often hard in individual instances."

Afterward Marvin, Gregory and Tupper went down to look for Jackins, who lived in a little bit of a house back of the station. From the door he could see his engine on the track.

His wife made cookies for Dr. Shoreditch's boys; now she was away, and he sat on the step alone. He laid his pipe down on the step and looked dejectedly across the rails at the shining brass bell and throttle.

Marvin had suggested that unless Jackins had mentioned the subject it would be better not to speak of it; but Tupper brought it about unconsciously by saying: "What sort of a signal was that you gave us to-day? Was there anything wrong?"

Jackins began his explanation circuitously: "When I was a body we didn't have all these schools and colleges and one thing and another to learn people in my country. I lived near where the people was called 'crackers.' My mother was a widow-woman, with three head o' children to look out for, and the first thing I remember is diggin' alongside her in the cornpatch. An' by an' by she grew weaker an' weaker—yo' see she was sickly—an' then there was more diggin' for me by myself, 'cause the children had to have something to eat an' to wear, an' it all had to come out of the ground.

"They set up a school for three months in the winter," he proceeded. "The children went, but I didn't have any time. Somebody had to stay around home. I picked up some spellin' from the rest of 'em, an' after awhile mother died, an' we stayed together until the youngest went off to the mines an' sister got a home of her own. I worked around until I found myself up here. I was a hand in the yard first, then fireman, then engineer, an' engineer I've been ever since—for well-nigh 30 year. I can't think somehow o' bein' anything else."

He took up his pipe, but laid it down again, and went on apologetically. "You see, I've never had much time for books. Not but what after I married Jane I mightn't 'a' learned some on the evenin's instead o' sittin' still an' hearin' her talk; but I didn't. And the consequence is I ain't much of a reader; but I don't know as I'm any the worse engineer on that account. They ain't been an accident on the Short Line in all these years, unless we count Mr. Lawrens' cow."

"It's too bad," Tupper whispered.

"Oh, no. It's all right. When a company makes a rule all its men ought to abide by it. I ain't sayin' nothin' against that. But—you see, I think a heap o' that engine, as if it was a horse, an' it will come strange to see anybody else cleanin' the brasses an' drivin' her down the road. I reckon I can get plenty o' work elsewheres, but when a man's stuck to one thing for 30 years he wants to keep on to the end."

"When does the new rule go into effect?"

"About April."

"Then you have nearly six months."

"Six months is an awful long time, Jackins," said Tupper; "couldn't you brush up a bit?"

Jackins had hid the morning paper behind the door when he saw the boys coming. He drew it out and followed the head-lines with an awkward forefinger.

"I was thinkin' about it myself; an' I got this paper that somebody throwed away an' set to work. But all these words is strangers to me. Now an' then I see some old acquaintances. Here's a-n-d, w-a-s, b-e-e-n, an' s-o an' i-f. I remember them. But what's this? A-r-b-i-t-r-a-t-i-o-n?"

"That's arbitration. You must take one syllable at a time."

Mrs. Jackins came up with a basket of sugar and spices on her arm. She entered into the subject at once.

"I tell Jackins not to give up. Any man as can run a engine like him can learn to read a newspaper in five months. That's all he'll have to do. Just give a specimen of reading and writing. And as for figgers—I'd like to see man, woman or child 'at can keep 'count, add up and divide like him. I'm never bothered about accounts. Jackins keeps all my accounts in his head."

When Tupper asked for a drink of water and followed her back to the pump she continued: "I don't let Jackins know, but this worries me a lot. There's others'll suffer beside us. Jackins' sister didn't do very well. We send so much a month to her, poor thing! Then there's my brother at the Home. He's crippled, and has to be where he can have doctor's care constant. Jackins bought his entrance for a Christmas gift. Then we like to save a little to leave behind when we're gone. There's Jackins' sister's children."

On their way home the boys said Jackins ought to brush up and stick at it. There was nothing like sticking at it. If he only had somebody to give him a lift.

The following day Tupper rapped on the door of the doctor's study. When he came out he paused on the threshold long enough to say: "And if you please, Dr. Shoreditch, don't mention it to the fellows. They'd laugh if he failed."

The next day Marvin, in closing a very dignified interview with the doctor, said: "I'd take it as a great favor, Dr. Shoreditch, if you would not consider it necessary to speak of this affair to Gregory or Little Tupper. Gregory has his opinion of things, you know."

The doctor replied with the pronounced gravity which he sometimes observed toward Marvin: "Certainly, my dear sir."

Gregory, when his request for an hour two evenings in the week had been granted, said bashfully: "You see, Dr. Shoreditch, if you don't mind, I hope you won't say anything about this to Marvin and the little chap. It might strike them funny—"

"Sir?" said Dr. Shoreditch.

"I beg your pardon; but books and teaching and that are not—not—"

The doctor helped him out: "You have been doing better lately, Gregory."

Shortly after this a curious feeling manifested itself among Marvin, Gregory and Little Tupper. Each felt the others were keeping a secret which he must not share, and the secret, which was an open one to the faculty, might have been common property at any time.

Tupper perhaps fared worst. He tried a variety of friendships, but he felt forsaken without the society of his big friends. As for Marvin and Gregory, the head-master declared the temporary estrangement added much to the amount of work done.

At Easter the friendship, which had been likened to a triangle, threatened to go to pieces. Dr. Shoreditch thought seriously of arranging an explanation. Jackins, who had kept more secrets in the last four months than in all his life before, told Jane every night in the week that somebody ought to say something.

The boys came back from the holidays on Tuesday, and at night, as Jackins sat poring over the paper and Mrs. Jackins was putting a batter to "rise," there came at once a rap on the back and front doors.

"I say," salled Gregory from the kitchen, "bet you I've got the biggest —" When he caught sight of Marvin he stopped.

The host was uncomfortable. The boys sat on opposite sides of the room and talked baseball.

As the clock struck seven there was a scampering of feet up the steps, the door flew open and Tupper ran into the room. He held up a new book and shouted:

"Look here, Jackins, I've got the hardest book I ever saw. I don't believe the president himself knows some of the words. Let's begin. We haven't much time—"

When he saw his friends his kind little face grew red. He wished either Marvin or Gregory had not been there. By and by he said:

"I might as well own up. Jackins lets me help him twice a week with his reading. I found a hard book and the doctor said I might bring it. This isn't my night, but I didn't expect to find anybody here."

"Nor I," said Marvin.

"Me, too," said Gregory.

"And I didn't tell you fellows, because," Tupper went on, "I was afraid if Jackins failed you'd laugh. I intended to tell you afterward. I've felt pretty mean when you've both been so good helping me out, and all that."

Mrs. Jackins came in with flour on her hands ands an odor of spices about her.

"Look here, the lot of you," she said; "Jackins, too. If you don't tell that little fellow all about it, I'll tell myself.

"Honey," she called Tupper so sometimes, he was such a little chap, "your friends have been doing just the same. Two hours every week, and Marvin'd say, "Jackins, be sure you don't tell Gregory and Tupper,' and Gregory'd say, 'Jackins, don't tell the others,' just like you'd stand out, 'O, Jackins, whatever you do, don't tell 'em!' And here's poor Jackins been working like mad, and so much obliged to you all, and feeling so mean, knowing all the time and not daring to tell; though how you kept it from each other is a wonder. Girls couldn't. Girls'd told each other long ago."

Marvin and Gregory did not go into detail. Both told Tupper he was first-class, and then they sat around the table while Jackins attacked odd paragraphs in the new book in a very loud voice, or wrote sentences with so much effort that perspiration stood in beads on his forehead.

For the first time in a long while the boys crossed the campus arm in arm. They sang one of their most absurd songs, with Tupper's shrill treble high above the others.

The head master looked up from the heap of exercises he was correcting. "Matters have arranged themselves," he thought, and smiled good-naturedly as he went back to his work.

Jackins' examination came off in April. Dr. Shoreditch's boys had a half-holiday. They went up to town and waited around the rooms in which the trial was held until Jackins came out "passed."

Then there were a great many cheers and shouts, and caps thrown up in air and struggles for each to obtain his own, and a rush down to the station, where Jackins' engine in a little while was made gay with bunting and looked as festive as possible. In fear and trembling Jackins had burnished all the brasses in the morning. If he succeeded, well—if not, it would be equally well to have the work properly done.

Mrs. Jackins was on the train, very proud and happy. There was more than the usual number of passengers. Dr. Shoreditch and some of the masters had gone to hear the result of the trial. They scarcely knew whether they respected Jackins more for his 30 years of honest and painstaking work on the road, or for his courage in beginning so late the struggle with neglected opportunities.

As for Jackins, he sent his engine speeding over the rails, and all the people who had not gone to town, but who were interested in his examination, knew he had passed when they heard the series of jubilant sounds blown hither and thither from the whistle of the down train.—Youth's Companion.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

Not Confined Alone to Learning to Sing.

The possessor of a well-modulated, pleasant, rather low-pitched and melodious voice has something of which he may feel justly proud. Many foreigners find fault with the American voice. They call it harsh and nasal, crude, uncultured and peculiarly irritating to those who are accustomed to the rather soft, somewhat liquid intonations of the Latin races.

Cultivating the voice is generally understood as learning to sing, but there is voice culture which goes very far beyond anything appertaining to musical instruction. When the child begins to speak care should be taken that it makes the proper sounds instead of the unnatural tone which it is very likely to acquire. The child is an imitative creature, and follows very closely the sounds that it hears from those about it. If it constantly listens to any particular sound, as a matter of course it will very soon take it up and adapt it as its own. Of even more importance than the cultivation of the voice is the building of it. No one need be told that there is a wonderful advantage in working upon any structure that has a carefully-planned and properly-finished foundation. The majority of singers are given to extreme faultiness in their enunciation. This comes largely from a very slovenly habit of speaking, a habit formed in early childhood from association with persons who give very little, if any, thought to the construction of their language, being perfectly satisfied, to all appearance, so long as they are able to make themselves understood. The time is well spent that is given to teaching the little ones the correct modulation of their voices. We all know children to whom it is a pleasure to listen, their intonation in speaking is so agreeable and their words seem so well chosen that one instinctively wonders if these peculiarities (for peculiarities they certainly are) may not be some gracious gift of nature. Surely a child with such a preparatory training furnishes infinitely better material for subsequent culture than one who comes, under his teacher's hands, merely a lump of crude humanity. In the one case every word, work, thought and interest of the instructor not only tells on the pupil's mind and the formation of his character, but it is a positive pleasure to watch and assist in the unfolding of such an intelligence. It sometimes occurs that such children are much more highly gifted, when in fact they are made greatly superior to their fellows simply because they were given a correct start in life. On the other hand, every endeavor is like pulling against the stream. The little one is told that such and such a way to pronounce a word is correct; that its voice and phrasing must be so and so. It spends three or four hours a day in the schoolroom and the remainder of the 24 in the society of those whose every word and act are in direct opposition to the teacher's precepts and example. Naturally the child is taught to honor its parents and to believe that what they say and do is right. The logical conclusion of this state of things is a confused and contradictory estimate of the child's duties. It is sent to school to learn, and if it learns that its parents and friends are wrong the results cannot but be extremely discouraging. It is safe to say that a considerable number of the children who go to our public schools are handicapped in this way. Given a child well grounded in articulation, enunciation, the modulation of the voice, and with a correct understanding of the sounds of the letters, a foundation has been laid upon which it will not be difficult to rear a solid and symmetrical superstructure. — N. Y. Ledger.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

The Latest in Dress for the Winter Season.

The Roman plaid and stripe craze has reached even the region of neck trimming, and stock collars, flaring bows, rosettes and scarfs in gorgeous colorings appear among the fancies in the made-up goods departments of all city stores.

The new beautiful tint of Venetian red, like the Neapolitan and royal dyes in blue, is found only in expensive materials that cannot be imitated with any success in inferior textiles.

The fur blouse which will usurp the place of both bodice and wrap is one of the leading novelties of the season. There are likewise fancy blouses for very youthful wearers, made of Scotch tarlatans and plain, vivid reds of many different shades, but somewhat toned in effect by their velvet trimming.

Narrow velvet ribbon still occupies a conspicuous position in the elaboration of many winter gowns. On imported models for promenade wear alternate bands of narrow fur and an equal width in velvet ribbon form a rich garniture from the hem to the knees.

A smart little French jacket, made of Neapolitan blue ladies' cloth, is trimmed about the waist with arching rows of black velvet ribbons, put on to simulate a deep corselet. The facings of the very high collar and revers are of Persian patterned brocatelle, closely resembling shaded silk embroideries wrought upon a dark-red background. These are bound with the blue cloth, and overlaid with a row of the narrow velvet ribbon. The cuffs are finished to match.—N. Y. Post.

Delicious Cocoanut Cookies.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, two eggs, beaten very light, one cupful of grated cocoanut, one-half cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful vanilla. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll as any cookies, using as little flour as possible on the kneading board. Bake in a quick oven. —Ladies' World.

—Like a fair and symmetrical face behind which there is no heart, is a beautiful flower that lacks perfume.—N. Y. Independent.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE HORSE'S FEET.

Why They Should Receive Constant and Careful Attention.

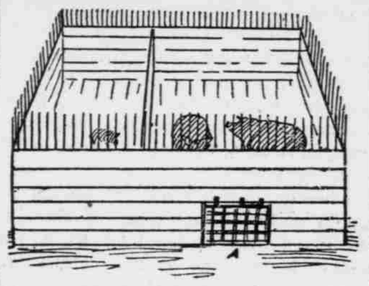
From the birth to the death of the horse, says a fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the hoof requires attention, if it is to be kept in a healthy condition. It is before the hoof is shed that the feet are generally neglected, and the animals suffer accordingly, because they are young and immature, and the bones and other tissues are soft, and could be easily distorted to suit the conditions under which they are kept. The feet of foals and growing horses should therefore have attention given them, since neglect at that period often sows the seeds of continuous trouble. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible to prevent any sort of hard substance being buried in the fissures of the feet. They should be examined from time to time (say every six or eight weeks), to detect any defects of shape that might be taking place. If the feet are not growing level and symmetrical, they should be made so by rasping away the horn which is not naturally worn down. If this is neglected the animal will soon have the fetlock joint bending over towards the outside. On no pretense whatever should the front of the wall be interfered with, for the glazed coating of its surface protects the horn beneath it; it should therefore be left untouched.

It would be as well to disabuse people's minds of a very popular fallacy —viz., that wet, soft ground, and even manure yards, are the best places to keep young horses—and some would even have the frogs and soles pared thin to allow the moisture to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake is made than this, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. The best footed horses are bred on dry soils, and that is undoubtedly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn. Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it, the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective. Then the question arises: "When ought a horse to be first shod?" The answer is, when the work required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it is formed or grown, or in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required, it will not need protecting (shoeing). Moreover, if the young horses are not shod so early, they will not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often the case at the present time.

NEAT FEEDING PEN.

How to Protect the Pigs' Rations from Greedy Fowls.

Where hogs are fed near the house or barn, the fowls are apt to go among them and eat a large portion of the feed. I finally solved the problem by constructing a feeding pen so that the hogs and pigs could go in and out at pleasure but fowls of all kinds were excluded. Build a feeding floor several inches above the surface of the ground and inclose with a tight board fence surmounted with pickets a foot or more long. Make one or more openings near the ground for the hogs and hang a door, a, from the top so that it will swing pretty freely either way. Leather straps or hinges that work easily will answer. The hogs will soon learn to go back and forth, but fowls will not enter. If there are two sizes of hogs, make a partition and in it construct a small swinging door just large enough to admit the smaller pigs.—Orange Judd Farmer.



FEEDING PEN FOR PIGS.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

All young animals need pleaty of exercise to develop the muscles.

Never have the sleeping apartments and feeding floor for hogs the same.

The neglect to begin to train the colt until it is a horse, has ended in the death of more than one good man. Begin to train the first week.

A chronic balker is like a chronic kicking cow, a nuisance. Several remedies are prescribed, but the best one is to get rid of the animal.

It is not well to keep all kinds of stock in the same apartments, whatever anybody may say. It might do if the ventilation is perfect, but there is the rub.

There is less waste in feeding baled hay, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. Where the feeding is extensive the saving will pretty nearly pay for the press in one year.

The doctors say that there is more typhoid fever in the country than in the city, owing to the contamination of wells. If that is true, how much sickness is caused among the animals by impure water no one can tell.—Western Plowman.

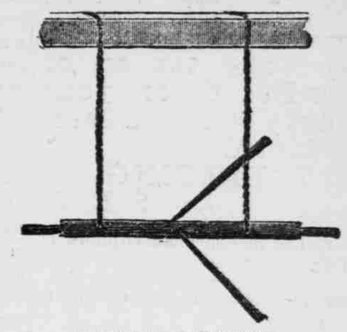
Deep and Shallow Plowing.

Forty-five tests have been made at the experiment stations to determine the relative value of deep and shallow cultivation. Shallow cultivation gave best results in 27 tests, deep cultivation gave best results in 11 tests, and seven tests were inconclusive. In estimating the value of those tests it should be remembered that three inches was called deep tillage. Classing all under three inches as shallow tillage, changes materially the complexion of the results.

STRONG BEEF HANGER.

Description of a Rig That is Cheap and Easily Made.

I send a description of a rig I use to hang a beef with. It is cheap and easily made. One man can hang up a beef that will weigh 600 pounds. Get a piece of good timber three feet four inches long and four inches in diameter, and round it. Then cut spindles on each end five inches long. Bore one-half-inch holes in ends to put rod in to keep beef from slipping off when quartered. Bore two 1½-inch holes in center, opposite directions from each other, for your levers. Ash or hickory saplings will do for levers, which should be four feet long. Then bore two 1½-inch holes one inch from shoulders. Use three-quarter-inch rope in them, and tie to a beam ten feet high. Stand behind your beef and use your levers. When you want to stop put one lever between lever and ropes.—L. O. Liming, in Ohio Farmer.



HANGER FOR BEEF.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

Less Acreage More to Be Desired Than a Burden of Debt.

Farmers are beginning to see that a less acreage of land, free from the oppressive mortgage, is more to be desired than a burden of debt. * * * Intensive farming is the basis of argument upon which our learned and scientific agriculturists build their estimates of rapid development and future permanent wealth. The increasing number of small farms, with better cultivation and better improvements, is certain to be followed by an increased production, an increased number of manufacturing industries, an increased population and greatly increased wealth of the state's resources.

Economy on the farm may be made to mean more than the saving of the little things. The reducing of the mortgage debt by reducing the acreage of the farm to the actual capacity to till and make productive will be in the line of economy. The changing of conditions whereby 100 bushels of grain is made to grow where formerly 50 grew is economy; the building of better homes and the enjoyment of better home comforts by the family on the farm is economy; the independence of actual ownership in a business which recognizes no rival in its self-sustaining attributes is economy to mind and body.—World Herald.

Early Pigs Are the Best.

Wherever a farmer has warm basement stables it is easy to make a hog-pen in one corner and use it for the breeding sows. Every one admits that pigs dropped early in March will prove much more valuable than those born a month or two later. It is some extra trouble to keep them warm, and they will also need extra feeding for both sows and pigs while the cold weather continues. But when the warm days come the early pigs that have a run in pasture and plenty of milk will be far better fitted for heavy corn feeding than will the late spring pigs. There is often a difference of 50 to 75 pounds in hogs fed just the same, and whose only difference is that the heavier were born four to six weeks earlier than the others.—American Cultivator.

Testing the Seed Corn.

Testing seed corn is far too often neglected. Corn which has been thoroughly dried and then properly stored will lay in the ground for a few weeks without rotting should a long, wet season occur. Corn which was well dried, but was repeatedly frozen when moist and its vitality injured, will very soon rot if the soil is so wet and cold as to retard germination. The person accustomed to testing seed corn can determine whether a given sample comes with strong or weak vitality and whether or not it would lay long in the soil before rotting. A little nice care in drying and preserving seed corn materially increases the chances for a crop of corn. —Western Plowman.

New Distribution Centers.

The big shipping points or production districts are now the big distributing points of the country, and not the large cities, as heretofore. Whether this will work to the advantage of the producer or not is an interesting subject for debate. The prices for a car are telegraphed broadcast to every town large enough to consume a car of potatoes, melons, tomatoes or any other product raised for distant markets. The greatest losses to the distributors come from the class that orders the goods and then refuses to accept them on some pretext when the market fails to reveal a margin on arrival of goods. —Fruit Trade Journal.

Farmers Are Not Penurious.

It is mainly by what city people call petty economies that farmers have always made their money. Their business is one that has as many details as that of the retail merchant to whom every penny is important, as its possession may mean profit to him, or the failure to possess it may mean loss and possible bankruptcy. The farmer, in selling his products is obliged to get all he can so as to meet his expenses. Yet farmers are not at all niggardly. Most of what they make over and above expenses goes in better methods of living, which make prosperity for everybody else.—American Cultivator.

Immature heifers do not produce such calves as we should care to keep.